POET UNHEARD

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This book has lyrical and blank verse poems with seldom pages dedicated to reflection of writer in the form of paragraphs.

“Above all, don't lie to yourself. The man who lies to himself and listens to his own lie comes to a point that he cannot distinguish the truth within him, or around him, and so loses all respect for himself and for others. And having no respect he ceases to love.”
— **Fyodor Dostoevsky,**

Abyss stares deep into my soul

It asks for a perpetual sacrifice

With its black nails seeping into my flesh

In the blink of an eye, it turns pearl-white

Fairy-light, Moon-bright, Silver-sight

Its stare turns into a passionate gaze

A monetarily turn and I fall in love

With the abyss, with the abyss

Abyss is for those with wit.

“Oh, poor knight, your wounds bleed the tales of tragedies in sunshine. Your eyes speak of haunted folk stories; have you been fighting for centuries? Your hair is grey; were they black once? Your muscles are twitching; were they brawny once? Your cheeks are wrinkled; were they radiant once? Your eyes are a coffin to dead-hopes; were they brown once? How long it has been, since you last looked into a mirror? What has the world done to you?”

Save your fragile heart and bolt away from these meadows.

Warfield awaits you.

Where are my doubts? Did the neighbor's son steal them or did I lose them in the pile of old papers resting in the spare cupboard? Where are my fears? Did my dog mistake them for tender flesh or did I lose them while washing dishes?

If anyone comes across them, return my belongings to me. I am too clumsy to keep looking for them.

Ocean is etched into the fabric of my being.

Green, purple, blue or white; every color is mine.

Striking, soft, crawling or dazzling; every wave is mine.

Terrifying, mystic, roaring or serene; every chime is mine.

I am the Titanic which is still sailing.

I am an ordinary student with good grades in academics. Seldom I venture across the moments of turbulence where I lose the track of tasks, in those flickering seconds I want to shut eye-curtains and fall asleep but the alarming voices collide against my skull. I can never take a vacation; I am a student with good grades.

I did good in examination; I am not doing good at life. Am I still a good student?

Last Monday, on Metro, I realized; Life is the name of an interval between two junctions. My idea of life is very absurd yet closest to reality. Despite its colossal spectrum, it is shorter than an Instagram Reel, this very thought raises a question in my head, “Why do people lie?”. From where do they get the time to manipulate truth. To pretend and to deceive.

I rest my head against the window, my ears hyper attentive to the call, waiting for my junction to arrive so I can depart, since,

Life is an interval between two junctions.

Stoics say a man should detach himself from external agents like pain, loss, grief and death, to entertain himself with happiness. But what if I tell you that stoicism is a man’s delusional creation, only to deceive himself into happiness. When happiness is not a destination to be reached but a fluctuating state.

I like stoic philosophy but only to a certain extent, otherwise it’s a bubble to resist pain when pain is inevitable.

You can never detach yourself from pain. It is etched into the essence of your being.

My soul still strolls in the moment when I last saw him,

The voice in my head screams at me for not rushing towards him that night.

For not telling him that I love him.

With the sunrise his soul departed.

A new tomorrow brought an eternal sorrow.

I never saw him alive again.

Oh, I wish I had at least bid him a farewell.

I guess I am best at unsaid good-byes.

Pioneers of sensational love must be the inhabitants of Blue Moon.

It’s always blue; love and wounds.

It comes in the shade of blue; Water and Blood.

It’s always dark blue; The ink I write poetry with.

The veins embedded beneath my skin, when deprived of oxygen, turns blue.

The wounds I embraced, long time ago; turns blue at night.

Either potion or poison, it comes in blue.

No wonder why blue is the color of a dead body; why blue appeals dead

and cold; why blue sounds eerie and serene simultaneously.

You cannot atone for what you have already caused;

A chronic illness to my mind.

A disease to my lugubrious eyes,

I seal my pale lips,

I fetter my injured hands,

I chain my weary body into shackles.

I sigh under sheets; I no longer scream.

Festivities to the world who had turned me into a restless animal. “You” in first verse, stands for the world.

I think one should learn the art of living in the moment.

One shoe in past and the other in future, leads to eternal turmoil. I have been fumbling and falling for decades. Thus, I am making a trade for good this time. I promise to live in present.

I pick micro seconds from my present to mourn over wilted flowers I had come across; I pick minutes to lament over bushes I had an opportunity to nurture; but I pick hours to grief over present, gardens I can adorn but I don’t. I prioritize the present day over bygones.

It’s not a loss but a win for my worn-out body and weary mind.

I am running a never-ending marathon

One with no finish line; that makes my heart pound like a wild horse

I am bleeding an everlasting ache

One with no antidote; that spreads like poison in every inch

I am dancing to a haunting melody

One with no end notes: that echoes in eternity

I am walking on a trail of eggshells

One with no boundaries; that threatens to shatter at any moment

I am swimming in an ocean of dry sand

One with no oasis; that stretches forever for infinity

I am dreaming of deceiving fantasies

One with no realities; that vanish like mist into a dense forest

I am ruining myself and I have no regrets.

I took a peep at home, on blinking I realized it was demolished.

I took a glance inside, on blinking I realized it was a deception.

I took a look at sky, on blinking I realized it’s still here; ready to engulf me.

Stars and clouds await me; earth and soils await me; heaven awaits me; thee shall pray.

May I rise up above the sky.

We assume humans are homes when they really are ineligible to be. They can be a motel, not a home.

The moment we associate homely feeling with a person is the moment we become homeless.

They can be a countryside, offering a few moments of solace where you can have a cup of tea at balcony breathing in the fresh air which carries fragrance of fruits.

They can be a river, offering a few moments of bliss where you can shower yourself with fresh water like a newborn.

They can be a book, offering a few moments of excitement where you

find yourself in a world of fiction
wondering what happens next.

But what happens next is surprising.

Countryside gives you smallpox, river
chokes you and the book gives you
disappointment.

Humans can be motels, not homes.

I’d stand in the center of a busy road. My appearance would get me attention, people will gather around me to stare at phenomenal apology. Many people, thousands of them and I’d weep there, hands folded and I’d say, “I AM SORRY”.

Clouds would rain on these three words; sky would crash thunder and I’d bend down on knees just to say, "I am sorry.”

I feel apologetic for nothing.

July tastes like blueberries,

With its intense flavor that needs no sugar.

Midnights feel like musky raspberries,

With a gentle touch of acidity that needs no base.

But I am the outcast to berry family,

Detached from the roots, departed from shoots.

A dull berry with no colors,

A dried berry with no flavors,

A dormant berry with no embryo.

I am the frozen berry in the refrigerator with its peel shedding

I almost had God.

I almost had a mango shake this morning.

I almost had passed math's test, last week.

I almost had bought Pride and Prejudice, last month.

I almost had aced sports, last year.

I almost had me, ages ago.

I was “almost” close to things I desired. If “almost” hadn’t existed, I wouldn’t have been writing this book.

Sparrow sipped the last drop of coffee,

Leaving the chunks behind in maroon mug.

Her beak couldn’t get hold of mini chunks,

She left them to be eaten by a beloved bug.

Someday, coffee would spill out of cup,

Feast to maggots and bugs.

Sparrow would fly away, gutted with sips she had sipped.

Someday, I would make a transaction,

Someday, I would transfer brains to grass.

Someday, coffee would spill over the table for maggots and bugs.

When calendars would turn blank,

When time machine would strike 5,

When tainted windows would crack,

When water bottles would spin,

When thunder would strike,

When earth would surrender to skies,

When I would breathe,

When heart would quit,

That’s when abyss would whirl and twirl.

Look into the abyss, when you cease to exist it gives you a life.

Black crows speak for the darkest of the souls.

Crows with ugly beaks and broken wings.

Speaking for souls with black hearts and twisted ribs.

Night falls hard on silver moon,

Takes away the glitters in spoon,

Black birds then caw,

Paring throats raw.

I wonder if doves too come in black color.

What is night but a black blanket tucked in

What are lights but fairies dancing

What is architect but curtains harboring love

What are stars but jewelry of angels

What are you but a feather-light-wolf

World is to be scared of you,

Yet, I am the exception

Exception with bosom full of glitters for you

What am I, but the black blanket to you

What am I, but a fairy to you

What am I, but a curtain to you

What am I, but jewelry to you

I am the catharsis to a wolf with sharp claws.

When moonlight dances and nightingales sing

Close your eyes and hush to sleep

When sky darkens and clouds twist dense

Close your eyes and hush to dreams

But souls like me, don’t take rest

We hunt for peace and a warm nest

Warm enough to burn our nerves

Nest high above the oceanic troughs

Night is falling down on birds

It’s time for me to hunt

I shall build a nest out of twigs, strong enough to stand alone.

Maybe it was you, in the wind, in softened mint.

Not a maybe, but definitely, it was you.

It has always been you, in everlasting trails, in vintage frames.

Were you this way? Beautifully arrogant! Terribly divine! Catastrophically serene!

Absurdism has been existing since big bang theory came into being, how come a man live without being absurd? Absurd birth, absurd survival, absurd thoughts and absurd breaths. Modernism comprehended normal human behavior and called it "absurdism".

It was absurd when I was in someone's arms and I felt flying. It was absurd when minor degree burn hurt like third degree torture. It was absurd when

home cooked meals tasted like Man O Salva.

You tell, Isn't it absurd? Things making sense after years of not making sense?

Quoting Dostoevsky, "make your own nonsense", Absurd that we find logics and skepticism in our own nonsense. It is absurd that google states, "absurdism emerged in 19th century."

Absurdism emerged billions of years ago when Adam absurdly had a descent to earth from heavens. Absurdism emerged when God created Eve for Adam, not Adam for Eve.

I infer, we all are absurdists.

The purple curtains from my childhood, sing the songs of nostalgia

The lyrics I shall never forget

They were sown by love of a mother and pride of a father

Curtains from my childhood,

Which enveloped the translucent windows of intricate floral designs from Mughal Era.

Purple depicts childhood’s tranquility and adulthood’s nostalgia.

My metamorphosis would be a transformation into a bug with glowing plasma, gleaming the surroundings. How aesthetically I would fly around you, providing you with the light you wish for. How tragically I would burn myself cold to provide you with the warmth.

Kafka inspired.

I am a sacrifice to the black serpent of blue ocean.

Nothing else.

On my knees, I plea

To the God of seven skies

I plea to be set free

Free from lava-blazing shackles

Free from flickering shivers

I plea to the God of galaxies

I plea to possess a heart with no beats

Body with no soul

Mind with no thoughts,

Death with no life,

Eyes with no sight,

Cords with no voice,

Nerves with no sensations,

And my plea knocks thy door.

Oblivion scares me like no other monster

Fear of being forgotten and erased

As if I never had coffee from street cafe

As if I never bought “Fault in our Stars” from Sunday Bazar

As if I never watched anime at Cinema

What if my existence is a scam?

Call me delirious

I find solace in delirium

Inspired by Dostoevsky.

I beseech a tangible sensation of ache

Ache, which is nurtured at hands of a new dawn

Ache, which intensifies at the hands of a new dusk

Ache that never ceases to exist

Ache that never lessens in numeric

Ache; everlasting.

Wall paintings speak of ancestral memories

A notion crafted by forefathers, hangs on my wall

A garland of generational trauma, hangs on my wall

I take pride in the heritage I received

It shall end here

It shall end with me

At some sunny day, I shall fracture the paintings with an axe

I shall hang that bloody axe at my wall

Blood dripping from axe shall paint my walls red

Next generation shall never have what I had

Blind alley awaits me

Glaring deep into my iris,

as if I owe a debt to it.

It resembles the abyss

But it has sharper teeth and longer nails

This could be a nightmare come true.

February feels like snowflakes on fire

Followed by March, where fire meets rain

Further followed by April, where soil seeps into woods

In those woods, I stroll

Carrying fire, soil and snow

My art, hitherto, shall rise high

The art to not let the three fragments, merge,

Rage, gratitude and love

I behold nature.

My thoughts are not very tangible

Ones, my nerves can neither touch nor sense

From them, sprout my intrusive actions

For example, to love, to carter and to perish

Sinister lies in my senses.

I want to have a monologue with the one who termed remoteness as “melancholic sensation.” I would tell him that isolation is the staircase to everlasting sensations of tranquility and solace. In crowd, one is perplexed by chaotic dynamics of multiple competitors and a desire to win the survival of the fittest while when alone, one has no one to compete with and can enjoy glee in sorrow at the moment. I need a monologue, not a dialogue for the person who termed

isolation as “melancholic” deserves to
not speak but to listen and to be
bolted into remoteness till he finds
glee in misery.

Inspired by themes of Dostoevsky.

I hope, one day, it makes sense

Or make me senseless

I hope, one day, I get blue clouds

Or get away with grey clouds

I hope, one day, I sway under moon

Or, get blinded by eclipse

There is a thin blurred line between sense and senselessness and my existence rests in that line like a dervish waiting to go insane.

I am wasting my life in the urge to crawl at a junction and never get to the station

I am the transient passenger, rest would haunt me

I am the lost wonderer with no urge to be found

To be found would mean two things,
and I want none of it

Neither to be understood nor to be
misunderstood

Find me where there is no certainty.

Knock at my door and an utter silence must ooze from my home

Knock at my door and an eerie hush must fill your heart with terror

Knock at my window and a sheer-dark mist must contaminate your sight

Knock at my window and the glass must shatter at soft touch of your knuckles

Knock at my heart and a dire urge to escape into vacuum must constrict your body

Knock at my body and a harrowing jab
must take your faculty of senses away

Knock at my soul and black glitters
must take you away

Knock at my soul and let yours merge
in it

But only if you survive the knocks,

Only if you survive the knocks.

Night slapped heavy on horizon last night

Thus, sun feels cold today

Repercussions of bygones, thus, stay

Aftermath of bygones, thus, stay and lasts

What had happened shall always remain a part of what happens.

Philosophers went empty on words when asked about God. Either devoid of words or vacant of logics thus they came up with atheism when reasoning failed their expectations. How much easier it would have been to simply deny God’s existence instead of diving deep into his existence and comprehend the unknown at least to try to decipher the hidden treasures of *logos*[1].

[1] In Greek theology, logos means “divine reason.”

But then the question remains the same, who gets to decide the objectivity of truth?

I don’t want to run the rat race. One where I get up early to an alarm and head to job, get back in evening and cook meals. Refrigerate the leftovers, do chores, wash clothes, bake cakes. I don’t want to wither.

Do nothing and, wither with all the knowledge I had gathered. I would term it as decomposition of a living body.

I want to be anything but rotting food to fungi, when my brain is still fresh.

Sylvia Phobia.

What happened when chandeliers were blood crushed to ground level?

What happened when sharp blades invaded their way into your skin?

When souls gasped at your courage,

When thunder clasped at your vanity,

When earth sprawled at your pride,

What happened when you brought apocalypse to a festivity?

I raged a war against predetermined fate.

I want to dig nails into my face and peel the skin off, for I have endured much.

More the misery, merrier the life.

There are seconds in my life which perpetually elongates on the equator of eternity, in such seconds I sense my bosom being gasping to breathe. Someday, in between these seconds, I drown deep and sleep on ocean bed in delirium.

I daresay; would the magnificent, dignified, luxurious ocean provide support to my poverty addicted body?

An end to myself, but on an ocean bed.

Clothes of poor children are etched into the fabric of curtains at lounge of bungalows. The curtains adorn the mansions like no other piece of luxurious fabric would. Rich take pride in such clothe stitched curtains for it gratifies the ego. Scarfs of poor, little girls make the table-clothes for expensive marble dinning in big houses. Food for rich tastes better

when served at such table-cloths. Leftovers, leaving the backdoor of mansions happens to be the elite cuisine for down trodden suburbs. What appears luxury to small houses is a waste at big ones and vice versa. Poverty digs its nails into the flesh of fate-suppressed people and gouge the rotten meat from them to present it to the rich.

Dustbins of mansions are prettier than the furniture of poverty sick houses.

My first good to attain is pleasure

Pleasure of not having pain,

Pleasure of not surpassing will,

Pleasure of an untroubled soul,

Pleasure of an unbothered mind.

Glee stands at my door in black cloak
with muffin soft-eyes.

I shall let it in, I shall let it in.

Peter pan existed decades ago,

He appeared on sky when rivers flow,

He sprinkled magic on horizon’s toe.

Reservoir of his attributes lie in snow,

As soft as wool, as strong as wood.

Peter exists even now, in eyes of sad souls,

In ears of deaf bodies, in skin of lamenting howls.

I say with precision that, now, Peter Pan appears on streets at nights, at isolated table in cafe and at last bench in class.

If you want to feast your eyes with sweet sight of mystical Peter Pan, then you must stay awake at night for he works late at night and sleeps in morning.

Have you seen signs of birth in embryo of sunflower seed,

Redemption and Rebirth as the ultimate phenomenon?

Solution to deeds which were tainted.

Like death; decaying and smelling bad.

But how pretty sunflowers are!

The front door is colored green

Threshold welcomes strangers in,

A small in size but strong rectangular piece of wood holds four rooms and a heavy roof,

One day, a giant barged in with its crocodile skin,

Door stood strong on its feet, fumbled not for an inch.

It preaches a tale of devotion

A tale of love, for residents of house

The door is pastel green and storm resistant. It appears soft but is a warrior in guise.

What Greeks wrote about is something we all have been living with since the day one. The Greeks just had enough courage to talk on it and have discourse on it. We never did neither our ancestors had that kind of bravery. Now, I realize that to write is an act of bravery.

Literature is like an ice cream van which has uncountable flavors, and you can take scoops of your own choice. Let it be on life, sciences, mathematics, psychology or philosophy and so on.

But, practice of Literature demands warriors.

Muster your tulips till you can,

Assemble your fancy carts till you can,

Rearrange the distorted thoughts till you can,

Tulips will die, carts will shatter and thoughts will sway,

Carpe Diem[2]*, is what Horace*[3] *say,*

Take today, make yesterday jealous,

Take today, make tomorrow proud.

[2] Latin phrase, meaning “seize the day "or “pluck the day.”
[3] A Greek poet

Time is like a flying bird and death is like a hunter ready to shoot the bird.

The arbitrary projection of life intersects the certain arc of death at center where one’s body exists, senses exist, breaths exist yet soul departs and venture on pilgrimage of awakening.

Then soul strolls,

It takes a hurried walk

Among good and bad,

Among heavens and hells.

Among divine and unholy.

It, then reaches to the black hole where either you discover a gateway to reasoning, or you turn into ashes and fly high in sky, like black ashes leaving chimney of a brown hut in a far-off village.

I pray you find the reason. Amen!

If I tell you the secret to a happy life lies in the embrace you offer to pain, would you believe me?

Why are you afraid of this beautiful word? “PAIN.”

In the citrus juice of lemons, taste buds find agony

In the same yellow of lemons, eyes find aesthetics.

There is always a war between senses, between guts and logics, between sight and touch, between wants and needs, between perception and truth.

My favorite word,

You.

My favorite alphabet,

U.

My three most favorite alphabets; Y. O. U.

Writer’s Note

Hi, I am glad you read this book till the last page and have reached to this note. My inspiration for writing this book is simple yet chaotic, it is mostly inspired by the authors like *Franz Kafka, Sylvia, Dostoevsky, Nietzsche* and *Camus.* Themes of my writings spin around ideas like existentialism, absurdism and nihilism and around a few Greek Philosophies.

Every writer is a wanderer in the orchard of poetry where he/she plucks the fruit of choice and I had plucked intricate fruits, thus my writings shall always have fruity taste of intricacies. I had no definite plans of writing this book, but my life took an unexpected turn which encouraged me to write. It is true that there is always a key to

everyone’s potential and I got lucky enough to find my key at the right time.

To my readers,

Today's reader; Tomorrow’s writer, this simple phrase carries profound weight. Every writer was once a reader who picked up the pen as a reaction to an intrusive thought. I encourage you all to write and write and write till your writings reach the masses.